

61
CHRIST'S KIRK

ON THE

G R E E N,

I N

T H R E E C A N T O ' S .

B.
THE FIRST CANTO BY KING JAMES THE FIRST;
THE OTHER TWO BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

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CHRIST'S KIRK

ON

THE GREEN.

CANTO I.

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sic dancing and deray;
Nowther at Falkland on the green,
Nor Peebles at the Play,
As was of woers, as I ween,
At Christ's Kirk on a day;
There came out Kitties washen clean,
In new kirtles of gray,
Fou gay that day.

To dance these damselfs them dight,
Thir lasses light of laits,
Their gloves were of the raffel right,
Their shoon were of the straits,
Their kirtles were of Lincome light,
Well prest with mony plaits,
They were so nice when men them nicht,
They squeel'd like ony gaits,
Fou loud that day.

4 CHRIST'S KIRK 19.

Of all these maidens mild as mead,
 Was nane fae jimp as Gilly,
 As ony rose her rude was red,
 Her lire was like the lilly :
 Fou yellow, yellow was her head,
 But she of love was filly ;
 Tho' a' her kin had sworn her dead,
 She wald have but sweet Willy
 Alane that day.

She scorned Jock, and scraped at him,
 And murgeon'd him with mocks ;
 He wad have loo'd, she wad na let him,
 For a' his yellow locks.
 He cherish'd her, she bad gae chat him,
 Counted him not twa clocks ;
 Sae shamefully his short gown set him,
 His legs were like twa rocks,
 Or rungs that day.

Tam Lutter was their minstrel meet,
 Guid Lord how he could lance,
 He play'd fae shill, and sang fae sweet,
 While Touseie took a trance ;
 Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet,
 And counterfeited France :
 He us'd himself as man discreet,
 And up the morice dance
 He took that day

Then Steen came steppand in with stends,
 Nae rink might him arrest:
 Plaitfoot did bob with mony bends,
 For Maufe he made request;
 He lap 'till he lay on his lends,
 But risand was sae preft,
 While that he hostit at baith ends,
 For honour of the feast,
 And danc'd that day.

Syne Robin Roy began to revel;
 And Dawny to him rugged:
 Let be, quoth Jock, and can'd him jewel,
 And by the tail him tugged;
 The kensie cleekit to a cavel,
 But Lord as they twa lugged,
 They parted manly with a nevel:
 Men say that hair was rugged
 Between them twa.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt did steer him,
 Great skaith was't to have fear'd him;
 He chesit a flane as did affear him,
 Th' other said Dirdum, Dardum:
 Throw baith the cheeks he thought to steer him,
 Or throw the arse have char'd him;
 B'ane akerbraid it came na near him,
 I canna tell what marr'd him
 Sae wide that day.

With that a friend of his cry'd, *Fy*,
 And up an arrow drew,
 He forged it sae furiously,
 The bow in flinders flew:
 Sae was the will of God, trow I,
 For had the tree been true,
 Men said, wha kend his archery,
 That he had slain anew,
 Belyve that day.

A yap young man that stood him neist,
 Loos'd aff a shot with ire,
 He etled the bairn in at the breast,
 The bolt flew o'er the bire:
 Ane cry'd, *Fy*, he has slain a priest,
 A mile beyond a mire;
 Then bow and bag frae him he kiest,
 And fled as fierce as fire,
 Frae flint that day.

Ane hasty henfire, called Hary,
 Wha was an archer, hynd
 Fit up a tackle withouten tarry,
 That torment sae him tynd,
 I watna whither's hand could vary,
 Or the man was his friend;
 For he escap'd thro' mights of Mary,
 As ane that nae ill mean'd,
 Buegood that day.

Then Laurie like a lion lap,
 And soon a flane can fedder;
 He hecht to pierce him at the pap,
 Thereon to wad a wedder:
 He hit him on the wame a wap,
 It bufft like ony bladder;
 But sae his fortune was and hap,
 His doublet made of leather
 Sav'd him that day.

The buff sae boisterously abaist him,
 He to the earth dusht down;
 The tither man for dead there left him,
 And fled out of the town.
 The wives came furth, and up they reft him,
 And fand life in the lown;
 Then with three routs on's arse they rais'd him,
 And cur'd him out of fown,
 Frae hand that day.

With forks and flails they lent great flaps;
 And flang together like frigs;
 With bougers of barns they best blew caps,
 While they of hains made brigs.
 The raird raise rudely with the raps,
 When rungs were laid on riggs;
 The wives came furth wi' crys and claps,
 See where my liking liggs
 Fou low this day!

8 CHRIST'S KIRK 114.

They girmed, and let gird with grains,
 Ilk gossip other griev'd;
 Some strack with stings, some gather'd stains,
 Some fled and ill mischiev'd.
 The minstrel wan within twa wains,
 That day he wisely priev'd;
 For he came haim wi' unbruise'd bairns,
 Where fighters were mischiev'd
 Fou ill that day.

Heich Hutchon with a hessle rice,
 To red can throw them rummill;
 He maw'd them down like ony mice,
 He was na baity bummill;
 Tho he was wight, he was na wise,
 With sic jangleurs to jumble;
 For frae his thumb they dang a slice,
 While he cry'd, Barlafumil,
 I'm slain this day.

When that he saw his blood fae red,
 To flee might nae man let him;
 He ween'd it had been for auld feed,
 He thought ane cry'd have at him;
 He gart his feet defend his head,
 The far fairer it set him,
 While he was past out of all plead,
 He foud been swift that gat him,
 Throw speed that day.

The town fouter in grief was bowden,
 His wife hang at his waist,
 His body was with blood a' browden,
 He grain'd like ony ghaist;
 Her glittering hair that was so gowden,
 So hard in love him lac'd,
 That for her sake he was not yowden,
 While he a mile was chac'd,
 And mair that day.

The miller was of manly make,
 To meet him was nae mows;
 There durst nae ten come him to take,
 Sae noyted he their Pows:
 The bushment heal about him brake,
 And bickered him wi' bows;
 Syne trait'roussly behind his back,
 They hew'd him on the howes,
 Behind that day.

Twa that were headsmen of the herd,
 On ither ran like rams,
 Then follow'd feymen, right unaffeird,
 Beat on with barrow-trams:
 But where their gabs they were ungear'd,
 They gat upon the gams;
 While bloody barkn'd was their beards,
 As they had worried lambs,
 Maist like that day.

10 CHRIST'S KIRK 161.

The wives keift up a hideous yell;
 When all these younkiers yoked;
 As fleece as flags of fire-flaughts fell.
 Frieks to the fields they flocked;
 The carles with clubs did others quell
 On breasts, while blood out-boaked;
 Sae rudely rang the common bell,
 That a' the steeple rocked
 For dread that day.

By this Tam Taylor was in's gear,
 When that he heard the bell;
 He said he should make all a steer,
 When he came there himsel:
 He gaed to fight in sic a fear,
 While on the ground he fell;
 A wife that hat him on the ear,
 With a great knocking-mell,
 Fell'd him that day.

When they had bierd like baited bulls,
 And brain-wood brynt in bails;
 They were as meek as any mules,
 That mangit are with mails;
 For fainness the forfoughten fools
 Fell down like slaughter'd fails;
 Fresh men came in, and hal'd the dools,
 And dang them down in dails,
 Bedeen that day.

ON THE GREEN. 186. 11

When a' was done, Dick with an aix,
Came forth to fell a fiddler,
Quoth he, where are yen hangit smaiks,
That wad have slain my brither?
His wife bad him gae home Gib Glaicks,
And fae did Meg his mither;
He turn'd and gave them baith their paiks,
For he durst ding nae ither,
But them that day.

CHRIST'S KIRK

ON

THE GREEN.

CANTO II.

BUT there had been mair blood and skaith,
Sair harship and great spulie,
And mony a ane had gotten his death
By this unsonfy too ly:
But that the bauld good-wife of Braith
Arm'd wi' a great kail gully,
Came bellyflaught, and loot an aith,
She'd gar them a' be hooly
Fou fast that day.

Blyth to win aff fae wi' hail banes,
Tho' mony had clowr'd pows;
And draggl'd fae 'mang muck and stanes,
They look'd like worry-kows:
Quoth some, who 'maist had tint their aynds,
Let's see how a' bowls rows:
And quat this brulziment at anes,
Yon Gully is nae mows,
Forsooth this day.

ON THE GREEN. 19. 13

Quoth Hutchon, I am well content,
 I think we may do war;
 'Till this time towmond i'se indent
 Our claiths of dirt will fa'r:
 Wi' nevels I'm amaiſt fawn faint,
 My chafts are dung a char;
 Then took his bonnet to the bent,
 And daddit aff the glar,
 Fou clean that day.

Tam Taylor, wha in time of battle
 Lay as gin some had fell'd him;
 Gat up now wi' an unco' rattle,
 As nane theré durſt a quell'd him:
 Bauld Befs flew till him wi' a brattle,
 And ſpite of his teeth held him
 Cloſe by the craig, and with her fatal
 Knife ſhored ſhe would geld him,
 For peace that day.

Syne a' wi' ae conſent ſhook hands,
 As they ſtood in a ring;
 Some red their hair, ſome ſet their bands,
 Some did their fark tails wring:
 Then for a hap to ſhaw their brands,
 They did their minſtrel bring,
 Where clever houghs like willi-wands,
 At ilka blythſome ſpring,
 Lap high that day.

Claud Pauky was na very blate,
He stood nae lang a dreigh;
For by the wame he gripped Kate,
And gar'd her gi'e a skriegh:
Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy slate,
Ye stink o' leeks, O figh!
Let gae my hands, I say, be quait;
And vow gin she was skeigh,
And mim that day.

Now settl'd goffies fat, and keen,
Did for fresh bickers birle;
While the young swankies on the green
Took round a merry tirl:
Meg Wallet wi' her pinky een,
Gart Lawrie's heart-strings dirle,
And fouk wad threep, that she did green
For what would gar her skirle
And skriegh some day.

The manly miller, haff and haff,
Came out to shaw good will,
Flang by his mittens and his staff,
Cry'd, gi'e me Paties-mill;
He lap bawk-hight, and cry'd, had aff,
They rus'd him that had skill;
He wad do't better, quoth a cawf,
Had he another gill
Of usquebae.

Furth started neist a pensy blade,
 And out a maiden took,
 They said that he was Falkland bred,
 And danced by the book;
 A fouple taylor to his trade,
 And when their hands he shook,
 Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,
 Videlicet, the yuke,
 To claw that day.

Whan a' cry'd out he did fae weel,
 He Meg and Befs did call up;
 The lasses bab'd about the reel,
 Gar'd a' their hurdies wallop,
 And swat like pownies whan they speel
 Up braes, or when they gallop,
 But a thrawn knoblock hit his heel,
 And wives had him to haul up,
 Haff fell'd that day.

But mony a pauky look and tale
 Gaed round when glowming hous'd them,
 The ostler wife brought ben good ale,
 And bade the lasses rouze them;
 Up wi' them lads, and I'fe be bail
 They'll loo ye an ye touze them
 Quoth gawwie, this will never fail
 Wi' them that this gate woos them,
 On sic a day.

16 CHRIST'S KIRK 90.

Syne stools and furms were drawn aside,
 And up raise Willy Dadle,
 A short hought man, but fou o' pride,
 He said the fidler play'd ill;
 Let's ha'e the pipes, quoth he, beside;
 Quoth a', that is nae said ill;
 He fits the floor syne wi' the bride
 To Cuttyman and Treeladle,
 Thick, thick that day.

In the mean time in came the laird,
 And by some right did claim,
 To kifs and dance wi' Maufie Aird,
 A dink and dorty dame:
 But O poor Maufe was aff her guard,
 For back gate frae her wame,
 Beckin she loot a fearfu' raird,
 That gart her think great shame,
 And blush that day.

Auld Steen led out Maggie Forsyth,
 He was her ain good-brither;
 And ilka ane was unco' blyth,
 To see auld fouk sae clever.
 Quoth Jock, wi' laughter like to rive,
 What think ye o' my mither?
 Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
 But she wa'd get anither
 Good-man this day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle dish,
 And betwisht ilka tune,
 He laid his lugs in't like a fish,
 And suckt 'till it was done;
 His bags were liquor'd to his wish,
 His face was like a moon:
 But he could get nae place to pish
 In, but his ain twa shoon,
 For thrang that day.

The latter-gae of haly rhime,
 Sat up at the boord-head,
 And a' he said was thought a crime
 To contradict indeed:
 For in clark-lear he was right prime,
 And could baith write and read,
 And drank sae firm 'till ne'er a styme
 He cou'd keek on a bead,
 Or book that day.

When he was strute, twa sturdy chiels,
 Be's oxter and be's collar,
 Held up frae cawping o' the creels
 The liquid logick scholar.
 When he came hame his wife did reel,
 And rampage in her choler,
 With that he brake the spinning-wheel,
 That cost a good rix-dollar,
 And mair some say,

13 CHRIST'S KIRK 138.

Near bed-time now ilk weary wight,
 Was gaunting for his rest;
 For some were like to tyme their sight,
 Wi' sleep and drinking streit.
 But ithers that were stomach-tight,
 Cry'd out, it was nae best
 To leave a supper that was dight,
 To Brownies, or a ghaist,
 To eat or day.

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails;
 On them stood mony a goan,
 Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi' kail,
 And milk het frae the loan;
 Of daintiths they had routh and wale,
 Of which they were right fön;
 But nathing wad gae down but ale
 Wi' drunken Donald Don
 The smith that day.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,
 And twa good junts of beef,
 Wi' hind and fore spawl of a sheep,
 Drew whittles frae ilk sheath:
 Wi' gravie a' their beards did dreep,
 They kempit wi' their teeth;
 A kebbuck fyn that 'maist cou'd creep
 It's lane pat on the sheaf,
 In stous that day.

ON THE GREEN. 162. 19

The bride was now laid in her bed,
Her left leg ho was hung;
And Geordie Gib was fidge glad,
Because it hit Jean Gun:
She was his Jo, and aft had said,
Fy, Geordie, had your tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride,
But chang'd her mind when bung,
That very day.

Tehee, quoth Touzie, when she saw
The cathel coming ben,
It pypin het gae'd round them a'
The bride she made a fen,
To sit in wyliccoat sae braw,
Upon her nether en;
Her lad like ony cock did craw,
That meets a clockin hen,
And blyth were they.

The fouter, miller, smith and Dick,
Lawrie and Hutchon bauld,
Carles that keep nae very strict
Be hours, tho' they were auld;
Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that trick,
But whare good ale was fald,
They drank a' night, e'en tho' auld nick
Shou'd tempt their wives to scald
Them for't neist day.

20 CHRIST'S KIRK 185!

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sic banqueting and drinkin,
Sic revelling and battles keen,
Sic dancing and sic jinkin,
And unko wark that fell at e'en,
Whan lasses were haff winkin,
They lost their feet and baith their een,
And maidenheads gae'd linkin
Aff a' that day.

CHRIST'S KIRK

ON

THE GREEN.

CANTO III.

NOW frae east nook of Fife the dawn

Speel'd westlines up the lift,

Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n,

Begoud to rax and rift:

And greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,

Cry'd, lasses up to thrift;

Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand

Bang'd to their breeks like drift,

Be break of day.

But some wha had been fow yestreen,

Sic as the latter-gae,

Air up had nae will to be seen,

Grudgin their groat to pay.

But what aft fristed's no forgeen,

When fouk has nought to say;

Yet sweer were they to rake their een,

Sic dizzy heads had they,

And het that day.

Be that time it was fair foor days,
 As fou's the house cou'd pang,
 To see the young fouk ere they raise,
 Gossips came in ding dang.
 And wi' a fofs aboon the claths,
 Ilk ane their gifts down flang :
 T'wall toop horn-spoons down Maggy lays,
 Baith muckle mow'd and lang,
 For kale or whey.

Her aunt a pair of tangs fush in,
 Right bauld the spake and spruce,
 Gin your goodman shall make a din,
 And gabble like a goose,
 Shorin whan fou to help ye're skin,
 Thir tangs may be of use;
 Lay them enlang his pow or shin,
 Wha wins sijn may make roose,
 Between you twa.

Auld Bessie in her red coat braw,
 Came wi' her ain oe Nanny,
 An odd-like wife, they said that saw,
 A moupin runkled granny,
 She fley'd the kimmers ane and a',
 Word gae'd she was na kanny,
 Nor wad they let Lucky awa,
 'Till she was wi' branny,
 Like mony mae.

Steen fresh and fastin 'mang the rest
 Came in to get his morning,
 Speer'd gin the bride had tane the test,
 And how she loo'd her corning?
 She leugh as she had fun a nest,
 Said, let a be ye'r scorning.
 Quoth Roger, fegs I've done my best,
 To ge'er a charge of horning,
 As well's I may.

Kind Kirsh was there, a kanty lass,
 Black-ey'd, black-hair'd, and bonny;
 Right well red up and jimp she was,
 And woers had fow mony:
 I wat na how it came to pass,
 She cutled in wi' Jonnie,
 And tumbling wi' him on the grass,
 Dung a her cockernonny.
 A jee that day.

But Maufe begrutten was and bleer'd,
 Look'd thowless, dowf and sleepy;
 Auld Maggy kend the wyt and sneer'd,
 Caw'd her a poor daft heepy:
 It's a wife wife that kens her weird,
 What tho' ye mount the creepy;
 There a good lesson may be lear'd,
 And what the war will ye be
 To stand a day!

Or bairns can read, they first mawn spell,

I learn'd this frae my mammy,

And coost a legen-girth my fell,

Lang or I married Tammie:

I'se warrand ye have a' heard tell,

Of bonny Andrew Lammie,

Stiffly in loove wi' me he fell,

As soon as e'er he saw me:

That was a day.

Hait drink, fresh butter'd caiks and cheese,

That held their hearts aboon,

Wi' clashes mingled aft wi' lies,

Drave aff the hale forenoon:

But after dinner an ye please,

To weary not o'er soon,

We down to e'ning edge wi' ease

Shall loup, and see what's done

I' the doup o' the day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,

They that were right true blue;

Was e'en to get their wysons wat,

And fill young Roger fou:

But the bauld billy took his mant,

And was right stiff to bow;

He fairly ga'e them tit for tat,

And scour'd aff healths anew,

Clean out that day.

A creel bout fow of muckle stains
 They clinked on his back,
 To try the pith o's rigg and reins,
 They gart him cadge this pack.
 Now as a sign he had tane pains,
 His young wife was na slack,
 To rin and ease his shoulder-bains,
 And sneg'd the raips fow snack,
 We'er knife that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth and nail,
 Fell keenly to the wark ;
 To ease the gantrees of the ale,
 And try wha was maist stark ;
 'Till boord and floor, and a' did fail,
 Wi' spilt ale i' the dark ;
 Gart Jock's fit slide, he like a fail,
 Play'd dad, and dang the bark
 Aff's shins that day.

The fouter, miller, smith and Dick,
 Et cet'ra, clofs fat cockin,
 'Till wasted was baith cash and tick,
 Sae ill were they to flocken ;
 Gane out to pish in gutters thick,
 Some fell and some gae'd rockin,
 Sawny hang sneering on his stick,
 To see bauld Hutchon bockin
 Rainbows that day.

The smith's wife her black deary fought,
 And fand him skin and birn;
 Quoth she, this day's wark's be dear bought,
 He ban'd, and gae a girn;
 Ca'd her a jade, and said she mucht
 Gae hame and scum her kirk:
 Whisht ladren, for gin ye say ought
 Mair, I'll wind ye a pirk
 To reel some day.

Ye'll wind a pirk! ye filly snool,
 Wae-worth ye'r drunken faul,
 Quoth she, and lap out o'er a stool,
 And claught him be the spaul:
 He shook her, and sware muckle dool
 Ye's thole for this, ye scaul;
 I'll rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,
 And learn ye to be baul
 On sic a day.

Your tippanizing, scant o' grace,
 Quoth she, gars me gang duddy;
 Our nibour Pate fin break o' day's
 Been thumpin at his studdy,
 An it be true that some fowk says,
 Ye'll girn yet in a woody;
 Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,
 Made a' his black beard bloody,
 Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,
 I wat he was nae lang,
 'Till he had gather'd seven or aught
 Wild hempies stout and strang;
 They frae a barn a kaber raught,
 Ane mounted wi' a bang,
 Betwisht twa's shouders, and sat straucht
 Upon't, and rade the stang
 On her that day.

The wives and gytlings a' span'd out
 O'er middings and o'er dykes,
 Wi' mony an unco skirl and shout,
 Like bumbees frae their bykes;
 Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,
 Plashin thro' dubs and fykes,
 And sic a reird ran thro' the rout,
 Gart a' the hale town tykes
 Yamp loud that day.

But d'ye see fou better bred
 Was mens-fou Maggy Murdy,
 She her man like a lammy led
 Hame, wi' a well wail'd wordy:
 Fast frae the company he fled,
 As he had tane the sturdy;
 She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,
 Wi' ca'ing him her burdy,
 Kindly that day.

But Lawrie he took out his nap
 Upon a mow of pease,
 And Robin spew'd in's ain wife's lap;
 He said it ga'e him ease.
 Hutchon wi' a three-lugged cap,
 His head bizzin wi' bees,
 Hit Geordy a mislushios rap,
 And brake the brig o's neese
 Right fair that day.

Syne ilka thing gae'd arse o'er head,
 Chanlers, boord, stools, and stowps,
 Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,
 And there was little hopes,
 But there had been some ill-done deed,
 They gat sic thrawart cowps;
 But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,
 Was only on their dowps,
 Wi' faws that day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
 'Till a' their sence was smor'd;
 And in their maws there was nae mank,
 Upon the furms some snor'd:
 Ithers frae aff the bunkers fank,
 Wi' een like collops scor'd:
 Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clank,
 E'en like a thick-sculld lord,
 On posts that day.

The young good-man to bed did clim,
His dear the door did lock in;
Crap down beyont him, and the rim
O'er wame he clapt his dock on:
She fand her lad was not in trim,
And be this same good token,
That ilka member, lith and limb,
Was souple like a docken,
'Bout him that day.

NOTES

ON

CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

CANTO I.

THIS edition of the first Canto is taken from an old manuscript collection of Scots Poems written 150 years ago, where it is found that James, the first of that name, king of Scots, was the author; thought to be wrote while that brave and learned prince was unfortunately kept prisoner in England by Henry VI. about the year 1412. Ballenden, in his translation of H. Boece's history, gives this character of him, 'He was weil lernit to
' fecht with the sward, to just, to turnay, to wor-
' fyl, to syng and dance, was an expert medicinar,
' richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp,
' and findry othir instrumentis of musik. He was
' expert in gramer, oratry and poetry, and maid
' sae flowand and sententious versis, apperit weil
' he was ane natural and born poete, l. 16. c. 16.'

3. Fakland.) In the shire of Fife, where our kings for some time had their residence.

4. Peebles at the play.) Peebles one of our royal burroughs, where the gentlemen of the shire frequently met for the diversion of horse-races and the like.

6. Christ's Kirk.) The place where our wedding held is either at Lesly (the church there bearing that name) or a place so named a little distant from Windsor, where our king was the time of his confinement.

9. Them dight.) Made themselves ready.

10. Light of laits.) Light or wanton in their manners.

13. Lincome light.) Stuff made at Lincoln.

26. Murgeon'd him.) Ridicul'd him, by a ludicrous manner of aping his gait or actions.

29. Gae chat him.) She bid him go hang himself.

30. Twa clocks.) Reckoned him not worth a couple of beetles.

31. Twa rocks.) Two distaffs: This description of Gilly's love to Willy, and her despising Jock, notwithstanding his affection to her, is drawn with an admirable comick delicacy.

33. Minstrel meet.) A musician fit for them.

37. Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet, and counterfeited France) He forgot to play the good old Scots tunes like Auld Lightfoot, and imitated the French, like our modern minstrels, that dare

play nought but Italiano's, for fear they spoil their fiddles.

42. Nae rink might him arrest.) The swiftest course could not stop him.

59. He chesit a flane.) He chose an arrow.

60. Dirdum, Dardum.) A slighting manner of speaking. When one makes a boast of some action which we think but meanly of, we readily say, A Dirdum of that.

75. He etled the bairn.) He design'd his arrow at the lad's breast.

76. The bolt flew o'er the bire.) He expresses his missing him, by a metaphor of a thunder-bolt flying over the bire or cow-house.

83. Hynd fit up a tackle, etc.) Immediately made ready his shooting tackle.

84. That torment fae him tynd.) His vexation made him angry.

90. A flane can fedder.) Feathered an arrow.

92. Wad a wedder.) He wagered a wedder he would pierce him at the pap.

107. Bougers.) Rafters.

112. My liking liggs.) My sweet-heart lies on the ground.

117. Wan within twa wains.) Got between two wains or waggons, and hid himself.

124. Baity bummil.) Or petty fumbler; an actionless fellow.

128. Barlafumil.) Cry'd, Barley, or, a Parleyfumil, I'm fallen.

137. In grief was bowden.) Was furnish'd with abundance of grief. One who has enough of any thing, we say, he is well bodin.

139. Blood a' browden.) All besmear'd with blood. But browden more commonly means forward, or fond.

143. Not yowden.) Not tired.

152. They hew'd him on the hows.) Threw him on his back by striking him on his hows, i. e. houghs.

164. Fricks.) Young fellows.

166. Out-boaked.) Gush'd out.

178. And brain-wood.) Being distracted, or brain-sick.

180. Mangit are with mails.) Wearied and gall'd with their loading.

182. Flaughter'd fails.) Turf that the country people flea for covering their houses.

183. Hal'd the dools.) Hale the dools, is a phrase used at foot-ball, where the party that gains the goal or dool, is said to hail it or win the game, and so draws the stake.

184. Down in dails, bedeen.) In heaps, a great deal of them. Bedeen, speedily.

186. Came furth to fell a fiddler.) Cut down a fiddler, or load of wood.

CANTO II.

THE King having painted the rustick squabble with an uncommon spirit, in a most ludicrous manner, in a stanza of verse the most difficult to keep the sense complete, as he has done, without being forced to bring in words for crambo's sake, where they return so frequently:

Ambitious to imitate so great an Original, I put a stop to the war; called a congress, and made them sign a peace, that the world might have their picture in the more agreeable hours of drinking, dancing and singing. The following Canto's were wrote, one in 1715, the other in 1718, about 300 years after the first. Let no worthy poet despair of immortality; good sense will be always the same in spite of the revolution of words.

7. Came bellyflaught.) Came in great haste, as it were flying full upon them with her arms spread, as a falcon with expanded wings comes foussing upon her prey.

8. Be hooly fou fast.) Desist immediately.

14. Let's see how a' bowls rows.) A bowling-green phrase, commonly used when people would examine any affair that's a little ravel'd.

17. Quoth Hutchon.) Vide Canto 1. l. 121.
He's brave, and the first man for an honourable
peace.

25. Tam Taylor.) Vide Canto 1. l. 169.
He's a coward, but would appear vallant when he
finds the rest in peace.

50. Did for fresh bickers birle.) Contributed
for fresh bottles.

57. Haff and haff.) Half fuddled.

61. He lap bawk-hight.) So high as his head
could strike the loft, or joining of the couples.

67. Falkland bred.) Been a journey-man to
the king's taylor, and had seen court-dancing.

82. Glowming hous'd them.) Twilight brought
them into the house.

96. Cuttymun, etc.) A tune that goes very
quick.

118. His face was like a moon.) Round, full
and shining. When one is staring full of drink,
he's said to have a face like a full moon.

121. The latter-gae of haly rhime.) The rea-
der or church precenter, who lets go, i. e. gives
out the tune to be sung by the rest of the Congre-
gation.

126. Baith write and read.) A rarity in those
days.

128. Keek on a bead.) Pray after the Roman
Catholick manner, which was the religion then
in fashion.

131. Frae cowping of the creels.) From turning topsy turvy.

144. To Brownies.) Many whimsical stories are handed down to us by old women of these Brownies: they tell us they were a kind of good drudging spirits, who appeared in shape of rough men, would have lyen familiarly by the fire all night, threshen in the barn, brought a midwife at a time, and done many such kind offices. But none of them have been seen in Scotland since the Reformation, as sayeth the wife John Brown.

160. A kebbuck syn that 'maist cou'd creep it's lane pat on the sheaf.) A cheese full of crawling mites crown'd the feast.

162. Her left leg ho was flung.) The practice of throwing the bridegroom or the bride's stocking when they are going to bed, is well known: the person whom it lights on is to be next married of the company.

169. Tehee.) An interjection of laughter.

176. Clockin hen.) An hatching hen.

CANTO III.

CURIOUS to know how my bridal folks would look next day after the marriage, I attempted this third Canto, which opens with a description of the morning. Then the friends come and present their gifts to the new married couple. A view is taken of one girl (Kirsh) who had come fairly off, and of Maufe who had stumbled with the laird. Next a new scene of drinking is represented, and the young good-man is creel'd. Then the character of the smith's ill-natured shrew is drawn, which leads in the description of riding the stang. Next Maggy Murdy has an exemplary character of a good wife wife. Deep drinking and bloodless quarrels, makes an end of an old tale.

1. East nook of Fife.) Where day must break upon my company; if, as I have observed, the scene is at Lesly church.

12. Their groat to pay.) Payment of the drunken groat is very peremptorily demanded by the common people next morning; but if they frankly confess the debt due, they are passed for two-pence.

15. Rake their een.) Rub open their eyes.

17. Fair four days.) Broad day-light.

21. Aboon the claiths.) They commonly

throw their gifts of household furniture above the bed-cloaths where the young folks are lying.

38. Word gade she was na kanny.) It was reported she was a witch.

43. Had tane the test.) I do not mean an oath of that name we all have heard of.

48. Charge of horning.) Is a writ charging to make payment, declaring the debtor a rebel.

N. B. It may be left in the lock hole, if the doors be shut.

60. Mount the creepy.) The stool of repentance.

67. Coofst a legen-girth.) Like a tub that loses one of it's bottom-hoops.

84. Fill young Roger fou.) 'Tis a custom for the friends to endeavour the next day after the wedding to make the new-married man as drunk as possible.

89. A creel, etc.) For merrymen, a creel or basket is bound, full of stones, upon his back; and if he has acted a manly part, his young wife with all imaginable speed cuts the cords, and relieves him from the burden. If she does not, he's rallied for a fumbler.

105. The fouter, etc.) Vide Canto II. l. 177.

114. Skin and birn.) The marks of a sheep; the burn on the nose, and the tar on the skin, i. e. She was sure it was him, with all the marks of her drunken husband about him.

120. Wind ye a pirn.) Is a threatning expression, when one designs to contrive some malicious thing to vex you.

144. Rade the stang on her.) The riding of the stang on a woman that hath beat her husband, is as I have described it, by one's riding upon a sting or a long piece of wood, carried by two others on their shoulders, where, like an herald, he proclaims the woman's name, and the manner of her unnatural action.

158. Tane the sturdy.) A disease amongst sheep that makes them giddy, and run off from the rest of the herd.

Notwithstanding all this my publick spirited pains, I am well assured there are a few heavy heads, who will bring down the thick of their cheeks to the sides of their mouths, and richly stupid, alledge there's some things in it have a meaning. Well, I own it; and think it handsomer in a few lines to say something, than talk a great deal, and mean nothing. Pray, is there any thing vicious or unbecoming in saying, 'Mens Liths and Limbs are souple when intoxicated?' Does it not show, that excessive drinking enervates and unhinges a man's constitution, and makes him incapable of performing divine or natural duties. There is the moral. And believe me, I could raise many useful notes from every

NOTES.

character, which the ingenious will presently find out.

- Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
- And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
- From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
- And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

POPE.

Thus have I pursued these comical characters, having gentlemen's health and pleasure, and the good manners of the vulgar in view: the main design of comedy being to represent the follies and mistakes of low life in a just light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are, that each who is a spectator, may evite his being the object of laughter. Any body that has a mind to look sour upon it, may use their freedom.

- Not laugh, beasts, fishes, fowls, nor reptiles can;
- That's a peculiar happiness of man:
- When govern'd with a prudent chearful grace,
- 'Tis one of the first beauties of the face.

F I N I S.



